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Spectator of Books.

MR. CROKER AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Edinburgh Review, No. 107. Article I. "Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson."

As might be expected, Mr. Croker is not very kindly treated by the present critic; for what friend could he expect to find amongst the writers of *The Edinburgh Review*? This article is a well-planned and well-written tirade, and wields the lash unsparingly wherever a flaw or "tender part" could be discovered. We should have relished it better, however, if the writer had come to the attack boldly and avowedly, and not with the assumed reluctance of one who would rather praise than censure.

"This work has greatly disappointed us," says the critic; and this assertion we declare to be despicable fudge and hypocrisy. To be "disappointed," a person must either have wished or expected something better than he found. Did the Edinburgh Reviewer, when he took up Mr. Croker's book, wish or hope to find it good and worthy of praise? Assuredly not! Did he even expect, in spite of his wishes to the contrary, to have occasion to laud it? In answer to this, let us hear what he says himself:—"Whatever faults we may have been prepared to find in it, we fully expected it would be a valuable addition to English literature; that it would contain many curious facts, and many judicious remarks; that the style of the notes would be neat, clear, and precise; and that the typographical execution would be, as in new editions of classical works it ought to be, almost faultless."

Here we see that the reviewer had been "prepared" to find faults in Mr. Croker's work; to what extent, or from what reason he had been so "prepared" does not transpire; yet, "prepared," he says he was, to find fault, and still, in the end, he is "greatly disappointed." *Quære*. Would he not have been more disappointed had he found less faults than he did? And would not Mr. Croker's five volumes have been thrown aside, unblessed with the notoriety of the Edinburgh Reviewer, if his expectations of finding it "a valuable addition to English literature" had been fulfilled?

Mr. Macauley, (if he be, as we are told, the writer of this article,) does not talk at all like a disappointed man in the present instance;—the avidity with which he picks out little inaccuracies of date and fact, which nothing but reference, aye, repeated and industrious reference to authorities could prove; the glee with which he chuckles over his victim's little peccadillos in the way of mistated Latin, and inelegant English; the declaration that "the editor's want of perspicacity is indeed very amusing," and the general *con amore* spirit of the whole attack, betray none of those misgivings which should characterise a man "disappointed" of "a valuable addition to English literature."

No—a bitter party feeling runs through the whole review, too clearly and too noisily to be concealed, and the out-and-out condemnation of the labours of the ex-secretary of the admiralty, unqualified with one word of praise for goodness of intention, or one word of encouragement for future improvement, betray the triumphings of a political antagonist, and are, therefore, unworthy of being held in the light of a literary criticism.

We say this, be it remembered, with no view to justify Mr. Croker for any errors he may be proved to have committed, and with no intention of refuting the accusations which the Edinburgh Reviewer brings against him. In the first place, we have not time to investigate each, minutely and in all its bearings; and in the next, we are of opinion that no man can fight his own battles so well as himself. We will say, however, that, with the exception of the question as to whether "Byng fell a martyr to political party," which is important in a national and historical point of view, the points mooted by the *Edinburgh* are of a most trumpery description, quite unworthy

of the quibblings of such a giant, and such as he would most probably have been blind to in any less favoured individual than the Tory ex-secretary of the admiralty.

Before we quit this point, we have a brief remark or two to make. The Edinburgh Reviewer states, in his first page, that Mr. Croker's notes "*absolutely swarm* with mistatements," and says, "we will give a *few* instances." Will he have the politeness to tell us whether he have found one—aye! even *one* mistatement that he has not here noted down? If the specimens he has favoured us with be indeed choice selections from a more numerous budget, they do not say much for the importance of what remain on hand.

But the writer states, further on, that he "did not open this book with any wish to find blemishes in it,"—that he has "made no curious researches," &c. &c. Now this, and all similar glorying and lack-a-daisical expressions, we deem to be false; whether made so intentionally, or through the blindness of party-spirit, we will not take upon ourselves to say.

But we must draw this to a close, or we shall carry our criticisms to greater extent than the *Edinburgh* himself; for though this article extends to thirty-eight pages, Mr. Croker is dismissed in the first fourteen; after which, we have some original and masterly sketches of the writer's own, which we consider the best part of the whole, and almost enough to redeem the bad impression the previous attack had inspired.

Without more ado we will make a few extracts:—

Character of Boswell.—"The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great—a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second; he has distanced all his competitors so decidedly, that it is not worth while to place them.—Eclipse is first, and the rest no where.

"We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book.—Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography: Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all. He was, if we are to give any credit to his own account, or to the united testimony of all who knew

him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when the *Dunciad* was written. Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a bore. He was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame; he was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man, and begging to be spit upon and trampled upon; he was always earning some ridiculous nickname, and then 'binding it as a crown unto him,' not merely in metaphor, but literally; he exhibited himself at the Shakspeare Jubilee to all the crowd which filled Stratford-on-Avon, with a placard around his hat, bearing the inscription of *Corsica Boswell*. In his Tour he proclaimed to all the world that at Edinburgh he was known by the appellation of *Paoli Boswell*. Servile and impertinent—shallow and pedantic—a bigot and a sot—bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a tale-bearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London—so curious to know every body who was talked about, that, Tory and high churchman as he was, he manœuvred, we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine—so vain of the most childish distinctions that, when he had been to court, he drove to the office where his book was being printed without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword;—such was this man, and such he was content and proud to be. Every thing which another man would have hidden—every thing, the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind. What silly things he said—what bitter retorts he provoked—how at one place he was troubled with evil presentiments which came to nothing—how at another place, on waking from a drunken doze, he read the prayer-book, and took a hair of the dog that had bitten him—how he went to see men hanged, and came away maudlin—how he added five hundred pounds to the fortune of one of his babies, because she was not frightened at Johnson's ugly face—how he was frightened out of his wits at sea, and how the sailors quieted him as they would have quieted a child—how tipsy he was at Lady Cork's one evening, and how much his merriment annoyed the ladies—how impertinent he was to the Duchess of Argyll, and with what stately contempt she put down his impertinence—how Colonel Macleod sneered to his face at his impudent obtrusiveness—how his father and the very wife of his bosom laughed and

fretted at his fooleries;—all these things he proclaimed to all the world, as if they had been subjects for pride and ostentatious rejoicing. All the caprices of his temper—all the illusions of his vanity—all his hypochondriac whimsies—all his castles in the air, he displayed with a cool self-complacency, a perfect unconsciousness that he was making a fool of himself, to which it is impossible to find a parallel in the whole history of mankind. He has used many people ill, but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself."

Miserable State of Literary Men.—"Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of Mæcenases had passed away; the age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived." That is to say, the premiums and pensions with which the great political parties used to retain literary men in their service had become exhausted, and "the patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine; the thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears; the season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the one word—poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet.—Even the poorest pitied him, and they well might pity him; for if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs—to dine in a cellar amongst footmen out of place—to translate ten hours a-day for the wages of a ditcher—to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church—to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glasshouse in December—to die in an hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault,—was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-Cat or the Scriblerus Club—would have sat in the Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the high allies; who, if he had lived in our

time, would have received from the booksellers several hundred pounds a-year!

"As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character assuredly has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night, or a well-received dedication, filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others: sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats, sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste. They knew luxury—they knew beggary—but they never knew comfort."

Of *Johnson's Uncouth Manners* and other eccentricities the "*Edinburgh*" writer gives a very masterly and, we should think, a very fair account. Though he allows the roughness of his behaviour, he vindicates him from that brutality of disposition which some have accused him of. "A person who troubled himself so little about the smaller grievances of human life was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. 'My dear doctor,' said he to Goldsmith, 'what harm does it do to a man to call him Holofernes?' 'Pooh, ma'am!' he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter; 'who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?' Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence halfpenny a-day."

We have room only for one more brief

extract; it is a clever passage, and clearly illustrates

The Peculiarity of Johnson's Style. — "Johnson, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own. His conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language; in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love; in a language in which nobody ever thinks. It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque; when he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the *Journey to the Hebrides* is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. 'When we were taken up stairs,' says he in one of his letters, 'a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie.'—This incident is recorded in the *Journey* as follows: 'Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge.' Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. 'The Rehearsal,' he said, very unjustly, 'has not wit enough to keep it sweet; then, after a pause, 'it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.'"

A VENETIAN ROMANCE.

The Bravo; a Venetian Story. By the Author of the "Pilot," the "Water Witch," the "Borderers," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

WE confess that we opened these volumes with no very strong prejudice in their favour. We knew Mr. Cooper to be a man of genius, and were prepared to treat his writings with respect; but the trumpeting and puffing by which the appearance of the present work had been previously heralded were such as no really talented production ought to stand in need of. We merely make this observation to show our opinion not only of the disgracefulness, but the inutility of such a system, where a work of real merit is concerned, and not as a preparative to any thing that may here follow.

To say the truth, we have been much and agreeably "disappointed," as the *Edinburgh* says, in Mr. Cooper's present work. It introduces us to new scenery,

new characters, and somewhat novel adventures—new and novel as far as our author is concerned—which have always a charm, more or less, in themselves. Mr. Cooper has been styled by some foolish people "the Wizard of the Sea;" and truly he kept so long and so closely to his nautical profession, in company with "Pilots," "Red Rovers," "Borderers," "Water Witches," &c. &c. that we began to fear he might fancy he had no right to come on dry land again. Storms, and tempests, and roaring surges, and rocking ships, and shipwrecks, and hot pursuits, and hot engagements, are very well to brag of once and away; but to be continually in such troubles is rather more than we landmen can contemplate with inward and quailless complacency. We therefore heartily welcome Mr. Cooper's happy return, if not to *terra firma*, at least to honest and substantial bricks and mortar, in the good sea-built city of Venice; and we hope the reception he there meets with will encourage him, ere long, to a more inland expedition.

"The author," says the preface, "has endeavoured to give his countrymen, in this book, a picture of the social system of one of the *soi-disant* republics of the other hemisphere. There has been no attempt to pourtray historical characters, only too fictitious in their graver dress, but simply to set forth the familiar operation of Venetian policy." And, barring only political opinions, in which no two men are expected to agree, we are very well satisfied with the way in which Mr. Cooper has executed his task.

To the admirers of gallant romance, gorgeous spectacle, and glittering scenery; to the lover of mystery, misery, and lurking rascality; to the venerator of ancient institutions and aristocratic formalities; to the light-hearted lover, and the light-footed dancer; to the feasters on wily intrigues, and wiry serenades, Venice is of all spots, on earth or ocean, the most fruitful in delights.

Mr. Cooper has very well hit off the versatile and uncertain character of Venetian life, and passes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with the lightness and ease of one who cares not for one more than the other, and is well pleased with both.

For all this, however, his style of imagery and writing wants variety. In the first place, he is rather too partial to the moon, and dwells too much amongst long sombre corridors, arched gateways, bridges, landing places, and other such like haunts. Again, when describing a mysterious stranger, he is too fond of bronzed and motionless features, rigid statue-like positions, and "glittering organs," instead of eyes. And, lastly, which is very excusable in "the wizard of the

sea," he is never tired of skimming along in a "spirit like" gondola, with Gino's dexterous paddling, and well-timed "back-stroke" at the journey's end. These are mannerisms, which it would be as well to steer clear of, though, by the bye, these very mannerisms, in some degree, prove the originality of the work.

Jacopo Frontini is the name of Mr. Cooper's *Bravo*, and a very pleasant fellow he is in his way. Though no better, perhaps, than he ought to be, he is still not so bad as one might suppose. There is something peculiarly interesting, nay, almost amiable, about him, but what, and why, and how that is, we cannot stop to say. Suffice it that he is a butcher of a most fascinating address, by no means devoid of the milk of human kindness, and moving in confidential intercourse with the very highest society.

We must now select a scene or two, from which our readers may judge for themselves.

Gino, the gondolier of our hero Don Camillo, has been despatched to meet this said Jacopo, on matter of private business, which does not concern us as yet;—hear what befalls him:—

"Disappointed in his expectation of meeting him he sought, on the instant, the gondolier advanced, and taking courage by the possibility of his escaping altogether from the interview, he ventured to furnish audible evidence of his presence by a loud hem. At that instant a figure glided into the court from the side of the quay, and walked swiftly towards its centre. The heart of Gino beat violently, but he mustered resolution to meet the stranger. As they drew near each other, it became evident, by the light of the moon, which penetrated even to that gloomy spot, that the latter was also masked.

"'San Teodoro and San Marco have you in mind!' commenced the gondolier. 'If I mistake not, you are the man I am sent to meet.'

"The stranger started, and first manifesting an intention to pass on quickly, he suddenly arrested the movement to reply.

"'This may be so or not. Unmask, that I may judge by thy countenance if what thou sayest be true.'

"'By your good leave, most worthy and honorable Signore, and if it be equally agreeable to you and my master, I would choose to keep off the evening air by this bit of pasteboard and silk.'

"'Here are none to betray thee, wert thou naked as at thy birth. Unless certain of thy character, in what manner may I confide in thy honesty?'

"'I have no distrust of the virtues of an undisguised face, Signore, and therefore do I invite you, yourself, to exhibit what nature has done for you in the way of

features, that I, who am to make the confidence, be sure it be to the right person."

"This is well, and gives assurance of thy prudence. I may not unmask, however; and as there seemeth little probability of our coming to an understanding, I will go my way. A most happy night to thee."

"Cospetto!—Signore, you are far too quick in your ideas and movements for one little used to negotiations of this sort. Here is a ring whose signet may help us to understand each other."

"The stranger took the jewel, and holding the stone in a manner to receive the light of the moon, he started in a manner to betray both surprise and pleasure."

"This is the falcon crest of the Neapolitan—he that is the lord of Sant' Agata!"

"And of many other fiefs, good Signore, to say nothing of the honours he claims in Venice. Am I right in supposing my errand with you?"

"Thou hast found one whose present business has no other object than Don Camillo Monforte. But thy errand was not solely to exhibit the signet?"

"So little so, that I have a packet here which waits only for a certainty of the person with whom I speak, to be placed into his hands."

"The stranger mused a moment; then glancing a look about him, he answered hurriedly—

"This is no place to unmask, friend, even though we only wear our disguises in pleasantry. Tarry here, and at my return I will conduct thee to a more fitting spot."

"The words were scarcely uttered when Gino found himself standing in the middle of the court alone. The masked stranger had passed swiftly on, and was at the bottom of the Giant's Stairs, ere the gondolier had time for reflection. He ascended with a light and rapid step, and without regarding the halberdier, he approached the first of three or four orifices which opened into the wall of the palace, and which, from the heads of the animal being carved in relief around them, had become famous as the receptacles of secret accusations, under the name of the Lion's mouths. Something he dropped into the grinning aperture of the marble, though what, the distance and the obscurity of the gallery prevented Gino from perceiving; and then his form was seen gliding like a phantom down the flight of massive steps."

It is perhaps needless to add, that this stranger is not Jacopo, but a rival of Don Camillo,—whereby hangs a tale.

The following scene is prettily described, and introduces us to our amiable heroine, in a very engaging point of view:—

"At that moment a burst of music rose on the air, proceeding from the water beneath the balcony. Donna Violetta started

back, abashed; and as she held her breath in wonder, and haply with that delight which open admiration is apt to excite in a youthful female bosom, the colour mounted to her temples."

"There passeth a band," calmly observed the Donna Florinda.

"No, it is a cavalier. There are gondoliers, servitors in his colours."

"This is as hardy as it may be gallant," returned the monk, who listened to the air with an evident and grave displeasure.

"There was no longer any doubt but that a serenade was meant. Though the custom was of much use, it was the first time that a similar honour had been paid beneath the window of Donna Violetta.—The studied privacy of her life, her known destiny, and the jealousy of the despotic state, and perhaps the deep respect which encircled a maiden of her tender years and high condition, had, until that moment, kept the aspiring, the vain, and the interested equally in awe."

"It is for me!" whispered the trembling, the distressed, the delighted Violetta.

"It is for one of us, indeed," answered the cautious friend.

"Be it for whom it may, it is bold," rejoined the monk.

"Donna Violetta shrunk from observation behind the drapery of the window; but she raised a hand in pleasure as the rich strains rolled through the wide apartments."

"What a taste rules the band!" she half whispered, afraid to trust her voice, lest a sound should escape her ears. "They touch an air of Petrarch's sonnetas! How indiscreet, and yet how noble!"

"More noble than wise," said the Donna Florinda, who entered the balcony, and looked intently on the water beneath.

"Here are musicians in the colour of a noble in one gondola," she continued, "and a single cavalier in another."

"Hath he no servitor? Doth he ply the oar himself?"

"Truly that decency hath not been overlooked; one in a flowered jacket guides the boat."

"Speak, then, dearest Florinda, I pray thee."

"Would it be seemly?"

"Indeed I think it. Speak them fair. Say that I am the senate's; that it is not discreet to urge a daughter of the state thus. Say what thou wilt, but speak them fair."

"Ha!—It is Don Camillo Monforte! I know him by his noble stature and the gallant wave of his hand."

"This temerity will undo him! His claim will be refused—himself banished. Is it not near the hour when the gondola of the police passes? Admonish him to

depart, good Florinda; and yet—can we use this rudeness to a signor of his rank!"

From the concluding chapter of this story we extract the following account of a venetian execution:—

"Jacopo had tranquilly placed his person before the block. His head was bare, his cheek colourless, his throat and neck uncovered to the shoulders, his body, in its linen, and the rest of his form, was clad in the ordinary dress of a gondolier. He kneeled, with his face bowed to the block, repeated a prayer, and rising he faced the multitude with dignity and composure. As his eye moved slowly over the array of human countenances by which he was environed, a hectic glow on his features, for not one of them all betrayed sympathy in his sufferings. His breast heaved, and those nearest to his person thought the self-command of the miserable man was about to fail him. The result disappointed expectation. There was a shudder, and the limbs settled into repose."

"Thou hast looked in vain, among the multitude, for a friendly eye?" said the Carmelite, whose attention had been drawn to the convulsive movement.

"None here have pity for an assassin."

"Remember thy Redeemer, son. He suffered ignominy and death, for a race that denied his God-head, and derided his sorrows."

"Jacopo crossed himself, and bowed his head, in reverence."

"Hast thou more prayers to repeat, father?" demanded the chief of the Sbirri; he who was particularly charged with the duty of the hour. "Though the illustrious councils are so sure in justice, they are merciful to the souls of sinners."

"Are thy orders peremptory?" asked the monk, unconsciously fixing his eye, again, on the windows of the palace. "Is it certain that the prisoner is to die?"

"The officer smiled at the simplicity of the question, but with the apathy of one too much familiarized with human suffering to admit of compassion."

"Do any doubt it?" he rejoined. "It is the lot of man, reverend monk; and more especially is it the lot of those on whom the judgment of St. Mark has alighted. It were better that your penitent looked to his soul."

"Surely thou hast thy private and express commands? They have named a minute, when this bloody work is to be performed?"

"Holy Carmelite, I have. The time will not be weary, and you will do well to make the most of it, unless you have faith, already, in the prisoner's condition."

"As he spoke, the officer threw a glance at the dial of the square, and walked coolly away. The action left the priest and the prisoner again alone, between the columns. It was evident that the former

could not yet believe in the reality of the execution.

"Hast thou no hope, Jacopo?" he asked.

"Carmelite, in my God."

"They cannot commit this wrong! I shrived Antonio—I witnessed his fate, and the prince knows it!"

"What is a prince and his justice, where the selfishness of a few rules! Father, thou art new in the senate's service."

"I shall not presume to say that God will blast those who do this deed, for we cannot trace the mysteries of his wisdom. This life, and all this world can offer, are but specks in his omniscient eye, and what to us seems evil, may be pregnant with good.—Hast thou faith in thy Redeemer, Jacopo?"

"The prisoner laid his hand upon his heart, and smiled, with the calm assurance that none but those who are thus sustained can feel."

"We will again pray, my son."

"The Carmelite and Jacopo kneeled, side by side, the latter bowing his head to the block, while the monk uttered a final appeal to the mercy of the Deity. The former arose, but the latter continued in the suppliant attitude. The monk was so full of holy thoughts, that, forgetting his former wishes, he was nearly content the prisoner should pass into the fruition of that hope which elevated his own mind. The officer and executioner drew near, the former touching the arm of Father Anselmo, and pointing towards the distant dial."

"The moment is near," he whispered, more from habit, than in any tenderness to the prisoner.

"The Carmelite turned instinctively towards the palace, forgetting, in the sudden impulse, all but his sense of earthly justice. There were forms at the windows, and he fancied a signal, to stay the impending blow, was about to be given."

"Hold!" he exclaimed. "For the love of Maria of most pure memory, be not too hasty!"

"The exclamation was repeated by a shrill female voice, and then Gelsomina, eluding every effort to arrest her, rushed through the Dalmatians, and reached the group between the granite columns. Wonder and curiosity agitated the multitude, and a deep murmur ran through the square."

For "further particulars," we must refer to the volume itself.

FRENCH HISTORY.

Cabinet Cyclopaedia — History — France.

By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. III. Longman and Co.

A History of France adapted to general use, and worthy of general admission into a sensible man's library, has long been a

desideratum in our literature. The present publication we think is well calculated to supply that deficiency, in consideration both of the extent, completeness, and industry of its compilation, and the convenient form in which it is presented. We have often heard of the apology for writing a long letter, because there was not time to make it shorter; and this anecdote is a very fair illustration of the great difficulty of condensing historical materials without omitting that which is important. Mr. Crowe has acquitted himself in this task with judgment and ability, and the general one of his remarks is sensible and discriminating. Perhaps to the general or light reader the style of writing may be found rather heavy and undramatic in certain parts; however, on this point our author shall speak for himself; we select almost at random:—

Festival of the Supreme Being, 1794.—

"Collot d'Herbois and Billaud-Varenes were jealous of Robespierre: they looked upon him as a moderate in heart—as a man who wished to stop the revolution, not to continue it, like them. They were right. Robespierre saw plainly that the power even of the committee could not endure. Popularity with the mere mob was too uncertain a support; and terror, though a powerful chain, might soon be strained to cracking. He looked around, he thought, he studied, and to excite some new fanaticism seemed to him the only measure of consolidating power, and concentrating it in his proper person. He meditated the life of Mahomet and that of Cromwell. To found a new sect became his policy and his ambition; nor was the aim an ill-judged one, save that the character and genius of the man were most unfit for the task. He tried, however, and commenced by making the convention decree the existence of a Supreme Being. Some time after the same authority ordained a fête in honour of the Deity.—Robespierre caused himself to be chosen president of the convention for the day, and, by consequence, high-priest of the ceremonial. David, as usual, was entrusted with the arrangement of worship and procession. An amphitheatre was erected in the gardens of the Tuilleries, opposite to which divers wooden figures were erected, representing Atheism, Discord, &c. A statue of Wisdom, in marble, was concealed by three figures. After having then made the Convention and the votaries of the new worship wait for him, Robespierre appeared magnificently dressed, plumed and robed, bearing flowers and ears of corn in his hand. After music and a speech, he came forward, set fire to *Atheism* and *Discord*, the flames and smoke of which, however, so besmattered poor *Wisdom*, that the congregation could not refrain from a laugh, whilst the more de-

vout called the circumstance an evil omen. The day was beautiful, being the eighth of June. Robespierre himself was elated; he even smiled, and wore a radiant countenance. In the procession from the Tuilleries to the Champ de Mars, inebriated with triumph, he forgot himself so far as to walk alone far in advance of the Convention; many of whose members forgot their customary prudence likewise, and, in lieu of incense, saluted the high-priest with imprecations: 'the capitol is near the Tarpeian rock,' said they. He was called Pisistratus, and bade to beware a tyrant's fate."

Buonaparte.—"We have seen this youth start to distinction at the siege of Toulon, and in the day of the sections. Ambition was from the first the impulse of his mind; for all who in more tranquil times sigh for greatness, in that stirring period strove for it. He essayed to attract notice by his pen: an academic essay and a jacobin pamphlet did not produce the desired effects. The affair of Toulon opened his career; thence he joined the army of Italy, where, employed as an engineer, he had full opportunity of studying a field of warfare destined soon to be that of his reputation. Suspended and put into arrest after Thermidor, he was released on an energetic remonstrance, but left without employment. He betook himself to Paris, where, after some time, he was ordered to La Vendée. But it was not merely active service that could satisfy him, but an ample field: he refused to serve against the Vendéans, but remained in the capital, making his way in society, and meditating an ambitious marriage, since a campaign such as he sought was denied. The rebellion of the sections in Vendémiaire occurred: Buonaparte, through Barras, took the command against them, and was successful. In recompense he was appointed general of the army of the interior; of that, in other words, destined to act as guards to the directory. From this command he was appointed in March, 1796, to that of the army of Italy. His marriage with the widow of General Beauharnois happening simultaneously with the appointment, gives some foundation to the rumour that the interests of her friends, combined with his own, procured for him the command of an army of activity. Josephine, much older than Napoleon, was a creole, of engaging person, and seems to have inspired him with a sincere passion."

Buonaparte in Egypt.—From the following extract it would appear that Mr. Crowe entertains no doubt on the subject of Buonaparte's alleged cruelties at Jaffa and Acre; accusations which some have so indignantly denied:—

"It was a few days after the battle of Novi that Buonaparte left Egypt to return

to France. In the spring the Turks had menaced him with two armies, one from Syria. This, with his usual promptitude, he marched in February to anticipate, crossing the Desert, and penetrating without opposition into Syria. Jaffa he took by storm. A part of the garrison had retreated into large habitations, and prepared for an obstinate defence. The general's aid-de-camp promised them quarter, upon which they laid down their arms. The countenance of Buonaparte fell on beholding this long train of prisoners.—“What should I do with them?” exclaimed he in anger to the aide-de-camp. He had not provisions for his own troops; to retain prisoners was impossible; to set them free was to place so many enemies on his flank. Yet this last should have been nobly resolved on. Buonaparte hesitated; but on the third day the prisoners were marched out, to the number of several thousands, to the beach, and shot in cold blood, some few escaping who swam out to sea. The soldiers made signs of reconciliation to these wretched men, induced them to approach the shore, and there mercilessly shot and slew them. This last act strikes us as one of the greatest blots on the character of French soldiers. The general might plead necessity; but here the soldier, of his free will and caprice, emulated all the atrocity of the Parisian Septemberists.

“Immediately after this the French were checked before the walls of Acre.—They formed in vain the siege. The ferocious Djeddar commanded within, and Sir Sidney Smith aided him with cannon, and at need with sailors to work them. The Turkish army in the meantime advanced, surprised and surrounded Kleber at Mount Tabor; but that general kept them at bay till Buonaparte came to his rescue, surrounded the Moslems in turn, routed and slaughtered them. Acre, despite this victory, was impregnable: after repeated efforts, and the loss of the bravest officers, the French were obliged to retreat. In passing by Jaffa,* another instance occurred of Buonaparte's placing himself above the common principles of morality. He proposed to administer strong doses of opium to those incurably afflicted with the plague. A system of mercy daily applied to animals he thought might be extended to human life. The surgeons recoiled at a theory of mercy that might be taken for murder. In this instance, as in the more guilty ones of Jaffa and the Duc d'Eng-hien, the influence of the revolution is

* “Buonaparte's touching the plague sores of the sick, at this place, should be remembered, not only as an act of heroism, but as evincing his soldier-like belief in predestination, the only and the singular principle of his creed.”

seen. Buonaparte was not naturally either a monster or even a cruel man; but he had started to manhood at a time when the universal mind of France presented a *tabula rasa* of all principle, moral and religious. The great doctrine of expediency had been preached and hallowed by the revolution, the energy of which was then, and is still, largely admired, and the grand successes of which, as well as its many salutary consequences, were considered to hallow, if not its crimes, at least to excuse the principle which generated them.”

MANX SUPERSTITIONS.

Waverley Novels, Vol. 29. *Peperil of the Peak*, Vol. 2.

THE illustrative notes to this elegant edition of the *Waverley novels* are in themselves a vast fund of interest for the curious in fact, fiction, and legendary lore. We should steal largely from these pages if we took our own way.

For the following curious account of the superstitions of the Isle of Man, Sir Walter states that he is indebted to Waldron, “a huge mine, in which I have attempted to discover some specimens of spar, if I cannot find treasure.”

After alluding to the ignorance of the islanders, which is the occasion of the excessive superstition which reigns among them, he goes on thus:—

“I know not, idolizers as they are of the clergy, whether they would not be even refractory to them, were they to preach against the existence of fairies, or even against their being commonly seen; for though the priesthood are a kind of gods among them, yet still tradition is a greater god than they; and as they confidently assert that the first inhabitants of their island were fairies, so do they maintain that these little people have still their residence among them. They call them the Good People, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities because of the wickedness acted therein; all the houses are blest where they visit, for they fly vice. A person would be thought impudently prophane, who should suffer his family to go to bed without having first set a tub, or pail, full of clean water, for these guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do, as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed, wherever they vouchsafe to come. If any thing happen to be mislaid, and found again in some place where it was not expected, they presently tell you a fairy took it and returned it; if you chance to get a fall and hurt yourself, a fairy laid something in your way to throw you down, as a punishment for some sin you have committed. I have heard many of them protest they have been carried insensibly great distances from home, and, without knowing how

they came there, found themselves on the top of a mountain. One story in particular was told me of a man who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where were a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces whom he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice, or they of him, till the little people, offering him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat, and forbade him, whatever he did, to taste any thing he saw before him; for if you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family. The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction; accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand, and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup; to which the parson replied, he could not do better than devote it to the service of the church; and this very cup, they tell me, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh.

“Another instance they gave me to prove the reality of fairies, was of a fiddler, who, having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler; he found he had entered himself into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned; but having recourse also to a clergyman, he received some hope; he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called; but that whatever tunes should be called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess; but punctually obeying the minister's directions, the company to whom he played were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when, or from what hand he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty. The old story of infants being changed in their cradles, is here in such credit, that mothers are in continual

terror at the thoughts of it. I was prevailed upon myself to go and see a child, who they told me was one of these changelings; and, indeed, must own was not a little surprised, as well as shocked at the sight; nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke nor cried, eat scarce any thing, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a fairy-elf, he would frown and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a chairing, and left him a whole day together; the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone; which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that, if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety."

RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

The Polish Revolution of 1830, 1831. With Sketches of the leading Characters, obtained from authentic Sources. Cochran and Co.

THIS small volume is intended as a supplement to "Fletcher's History of Poland," a work which we believe has obtained considerable and deserved reputation. We have here some valuable information on the statistics, manufactures, commerce, and learning of Poland, followed by a lucid sketch of the origin and history of the recent struggle in that unhappy country, from original sources of information.

The following is one of the innumerable freaks of barbarity which are daily practising in the very face, on the very bosom of complacent and peaceful Europe!

"One of the most atrocious acts of this most atrocious period is the treatment of Major Lukasinski, a Polish officer of high character and blameless life. He was distinguished by the grand duke, indeed was especially favoured on all occasions, but, being a member of the association at the time that it became particularly obnoxious, he was arrested, and after some time brought into the presence of his imperious chief; who, addressing him in terms of

kindness and friendship, invited him to repose confidence in the known attachment he felt for him: thus thrown off his guard, the unhappy man spoke with frankness and candour. He was removed to his dungeon, tried on his confession to the grand duke, was convicted, and condemned to be deprived of all his honours, to chains, and to perpetual imprisonment. In compliance with this sentence, he was conveyed to the fortress of Zamosc, where upwards of a thousand persons similarly circumstanced were confined. One of the grand duke's emissaries was introduced into the prison; he got up a conspiracy for effecting the escape of the prisoners, and, without the privity of the wretched Lukasinski, contrived to procure his nomination as leader of the conspirators. Then further persecutions were instituted, and for this imputed crime, which, even if real, could not be blamed by any man, he was condemned to death. This was, however, too humane; death would have afforded relief to the wearied sufferer, which was not the object of Constantine. It was therefore commuted to perpetual imprisonment and a weekly flogging! And it was directed that a record should be kept for Constantine's especial information of the effect of each blow on the wretched victim! Humanity recoils at recording such atrocity, such cold-blooded ferocity; and we should not have ventured on making the statement, had not the facts been attested by documents found among the papers of the grand duke after his precipitate retreat from Warsaw, last November. To guard against the possibility of relief or escape, Lukasinski was alternately confined in a prison in the heart of Warsaw, or in the fortress of Goura; and he was instantly removed, if the scene of his actual sufferings were even suspected. Unfortunately for him, at the moment of the insurrection of Warsaw, he was at Goura, and although jewels, papers, and other valuables were left behind, Lukasinski was too precious not to be carried off with scrupulous care. The actual history of his sufferings must have contributed to animate the most torpid patriotism, when even the imperfect statements that are now communicated to the English public cannot fail to excite a disgust and detestation for the tyrant, only equalled by the sympathy for the victim of his persecution."

VENEZUELA.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela. &c. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

THESE volumes improve upon acquaintance; that is, the further we read, the more we find to amuse us in the way of pleasant sketches of national character, climate, and scenery, and little romantic incidents, both serious and comical. We

have space for two of these entertaining passages, but, alas! both are tragical:—

FATAL FROLIC.

"On the other side of the river is the steep conical hill of San Cristoval, on the summit of which is a wooden cross, so large as to be seen distinctly from every part of the city with the naked eye. It is always illuminated with a vast number of candles at the annual celebration of the festival of La Cruz. This points out the spot where a murder was perpetrated, under singularly atrocious circumstances, by a Marquès of Chile, who died not many years ago, and whose family is among the most distinguished of Santiago. This nobleman was exceedingly attached to a young female in the city, but was of so jealous a disposition, that he never could be prevailed on to introduce any one, even of his most intimate friends, to her company. One of them, piqued by this distrust, was determined to revenge himself by practising on the jealousy of the Marquès. For this purpose, he called on the young lady, at a time when he knew her lover to be at the *coliseo*, and endeavoured to persuade her, by every argument he could invent, to accompany him thither. Not being successful, however, in prevailing on her, he contrived, under pretence of examining it, to obtain possession of a ring which he knew had been lately given her by the Marquès. He then declared, that if she would not go with him to the play, he would at least take the ring there, which accordingly he did, notwithstanding her entreaties to the contrary. Having entered the same box that the Marquès was in, he found no difficulty in fixing his attention on the well-known gift; and on being questioned by him on the subject, gave such evasive answers as to leave no doubt, on the mind of the lover, of the treachery of his friend and the falsehood of the lady. The Marquès immediately left the theatre, and having hastened to her house, requested her to accompany him in his carriage to a ball that he said was to be given at a friend's house in La Chimba. On arriving at the foot of San Cristoval, he dismissed the carriage, and under some pretence, led her out of hearing from the houses. Then, drawing his sword, he compelled her to follow him to the top of the hill, where he murdered her, without even acquainting her, as he afterwards acknowledged, with the cause of his jealous fury. He returned to the city, where he reported that she had eloped; but, after a few days the body was discovered by some children who were playing on the hill. They also found, close to it, a diamond knee-buckle, which was recognised as one of those the murderer usually wore in public. The driver of the *calesa* was examined, and proved his having left the unfortunate

female, in company with his master, beyond the houses in the Chimba, on the night of her disappearance. The Marquéz, however, possessed sufficient interest to escape; being sentenced merely to pay a small annuity to the mother of his victim, who was a widow. Notwithstanding the circumstance being publicly known, he was afterwards seen in company as much as ever; and actually married not long after."

FEMALE PATRIOT.

AMONG those who were put to death during the period of terror, the Colombians will long remember the unfortunate Dona Apolinaria Zalabarriata, better known by the name of La Pola, who was sentenced to death by Zamano, and shot, together with her betrothed husband. She was a young lady of good family in Bogota, and was distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. Enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, she devoted herself to the hazardous task of obtaining and transmitting to Bolivar secret intelligence respecting the force, disposition, and plans of operation of the Royalist army. The particulars of this important information she contrived to collect from the Spanish officers themselves at the *tertúlias*, or evening conversations at her house, which was frequented by many of them, who listened with delight to her powers of conversation and singing, accompanied by her guitar. From these officers, who could not possibly suspect so young and apparently artless a female of any dangerous design, she used to inquire, as if merely in the course of conversation, about their respective regiments; and by asking after their absent companions, she found means of learning where their advanced posts were stationed. She regularly transmitted all the information she could collect to Bolivar, by means of a trusty messenger; but, unfortunately, one of her packets was intercepted, and the messenger, under the terror of impending death, was compelled to betray her. She was immediately tried by a military court, (martial law having been proclaimed in the capital,) and was condemned to be shot, together with her lover; although no proofs whatever could be produced of his having been privy to her undertaking. They were placed in *capilla* for twelve hours before they were brought out for execution; but even this short interval would not have been granted, had not Zamano considered it to be of the greatest importance to discover, if possible, who were her accomplices. To effect this, no means were left untried to induce her to betray them. She was on the one hand threatened by the friar who was sent to confess her, with eternal punishment hereafter, if she should dare to conceal any thing from him; and, on the other, attempted to be bribed, by offers of pardon and rewards, if

she would declare by whom she had been assisted. She, however, resolutely denied having any accomplice, except the messenger whom she had employed. The lovers were led out the next day, and bound close to each other, on two *banquillos*, surrounded by troops. When the picket of grenadiers, appointed to shoot them, was marched up close, and in readiness, she was once more offered pardon, on the former conditions. She again, without evincing any signs of fear, declared that, if she had any accomplices, she would scorn to betray them for the purpose of saving her own life; but that, as Bolivar was fast approaching, they would be known on his arrival. Having observed that her intended husband was hesitating, as if about to speak, through a very natural dread of the death he saw so near, she implored him, as her last request, if he had ever really loved her, to show, by his death, that he was worthy of her choice; assuring him that the tyrant Zamano would never spare his life, whatever disclosures he might make; and reminding him that he ought to derive consolation from the reflection that his death was shared by her he loved. The friars then retired, and the firing party made ready. She then, for the first time, felt dread, and exclaimed, "*Conque, verdugos, teneis valor de matar una mujer!*"—"You have then the heart, butchers, to kill a woman!" She immediately covered her face with a saya; and on drawing it aside for that purpose, the words, *Viva la Patria*, were discovered embroidered in gold on the basquina. The signal was then given from the viceroy's balcony, and they were instantly shot.

KENNEDY ON THE CHOLERA.

The History of the Contagious Cholera, with Facts explanatory of its Origin and Laws, and of a Rational Method of Cure.
By James Kennedy. Cochraue & Co.

WE received this work late on Thursday evening, and are, therefore, unable to give any very lengthy account of its merits and contents. As, however, the subject is one of immense importance at the present moment, we cannot but lay one extract before our readers, from Section III. relating to the medical treatment of cholera:

"If the reader have attentively perused the abstracts of the Indian Reports, he cannot fail to have observed a few facts of paramount interest which, by the concurrent testimony of a variety of witnesses, far apart, and ignorant, at the time, of each others views, seemed to have attained the rank of general facts. These general facts, in characterising the contagious cholera, show that it is exceedingly fatal and rapid in its course—that it may exist in various degrees of severity in different individuals; and in various degrees of seve-

rity in different localities, and at different times in the same locality—and that, in the treatment pursued, blood-letting, calomel and laudanum, brandy, arrack, and other spirits, and the application of moist or dry heat to the surface of the body, were the grand remedial agents.

"A mere knowledge, however, of the principal symptoms of a disease, and a catalogue of the medicines which, in a multitude of instances, have effected its cure, will not be sufficient to qualify a physician to practise with either well-earned credit to himself, or advantage to his patient. The period in which a medicine should be administered, or its use discontinued or modified, is of the *first* importance. It is here, indeed, that the physician is thrown, to a greater or less extent, on the resources of his own judgment and experience; and unfortunate is the lot of that patient whose medical adviser happens to be deficient in either of these essential requisites.

"The importance of ascertaining the period in which a patient should be submitted to the action of a remedy, and the period when the further continuance of that remedy would become useless or injurious, is well illustrated by what has occurred in the history of the continued fever which is common among the poorer classes of the people in England. With regard to the medical management of this fever, two opinions formerly obtained among many members of the profession. One party, advocating the universal utility of stimulants, prescribed wine, &c. in almost every case; while the other party, pursuing a system in theory and practice exactly the reverse, maintained that blood-letting was a step almost indispensable in order to open the door to recovery. It is worthy of remark that the results of these antagonist systems, as far as they can be estimated in a record of cures and deaths appertaining to each, were nearly alike. This fact, though apparently singular and inexplicable, is perfectly natural. Both systems were equally erroneous, taken as a whole; but in their course of operation, much good as well as evil was undoubtedly produced. Patients who had laboured long under the disease, and in whom the vital power was nearly exhausted, would receive benefit from the stimulating plan; and those who had been recently attacked, and in whom the vital power was little impaired, and the action of the blood-vessels rather high, would receive benefit from depletion. When either plan of treatment, however, was resorted to indiscriminately, it would often be productive of the most injurious consequences."

The materials of this volume appear to be compiled from a variety of authentic sources, and from actual observation of a

considerable number of cases, which we consider to be the very best kind of information on a subject so little understood as this.

THE ANNUALS

FOR 1832.

(Extracts—Continued.)

WE had no idea of the vast number of these publications till we came to compare our lists with the books which already swarmed our table; when, having found one or two deficient, we determined to delay our general review till we should have them all before us.

We have great pleasure in continuing our extracts:—

From an interesting and rather lengthy narrative, in Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*, entitled

THE WHITE LYNX OF THE LONG KNIVES.

we select one or two striking passages. The scene is in America, and the hero a brave English officer, named Captain Thorndyke. The two following adventures are towards the latter end of his memoirs.

Being taken prisoner by the Indians, he is bound to a tree, where he soon passively enacts the part of

A Human Target.—"In the hour of triumph, amidst the shouts of the victory, he could have laid down his life freely to add to the glory of his country; but to hear the retreating tread of his friends, and to be thus left behind wounded and helpless for the torture, was a situation affording but little consolation. Once, only, were his solitary reflections disturbed before the close of the action; but they were in nowise rendered agreeable. An Indian lad, too young to go out upon the war-path, but who was yet hovering on the skirts of the camp, and prowling about, snuffing blood in the breeze, like the tiger's whelp, came suddenly upon Thorndyke, with his little hatchet, or tomahawk, glittering in his hand. After gazing upon the wounded and pinioned soldier for a moment, a sudden thought seemed to dart upon the tawny stripling's mind, and, measuring by the eye a suitable distance from the tree to which the captive was bound, he prepared to throw his hatchet. It was an awful moment for our hero, and to his own mind the last. The youth raised his arm, and swiftly the hatchet hurtled through the air, striking into the trunk of the tree, within a span of the prisoner's head. The young savage then advanced, and taking his hatchet repeated the throw, the instrument whizzing by his ear, and striking a spot yet nearer to the head of the victim. In this way the lad continued his fearful experiments for a considerable length of time—sometimes striking the tree farther from his mark, and at others

grazing the locks of the sensitive prisoner. Having at length amused himself sufficiently in this manner, or some other fancy, perhaps, striking his mind, the young Indian bounded off deeper into the forest; and the ranger afterwards learned that the lad had merely been practising in the art of throwing the tomahawk, and had wantonly selected his head for the mark, in default of a better, with a view of ascertaining how near he could come to the object without striking it. Rather a perilous experiment! thought the prisoner."

He afterwards is very nearly slaughtered as a

Human Sacrifice of Triumph.—"Distinguished captives, eminent for their deeds on the war-path, must atone for the blood they have shed, and the scalps they have taken, by the torture of fire, aggravated in every way that their ingenious tormentors can devise. The more refined and exquisite the torture, the more honorable to the victim who writhes under it; and arrangements were forthwith commenced for a great war-feast, at which the White Lynx was in this way to be particularly honoured, and all the Indians in the vicinity were summoned to attend the sanguinary rite. Nothing could exceed the wild and frantic expressions of joy manifested by the savages at having so notable a prisoner; and the preparations of the feast were made upon a scale corresponding with the importance of the event. The council of chiefs soon sat in judgment, and the day of execution was fixed. But to the prisoner delay was no reprieve, for the cruel method of his confinement, made him look upon death as a welcome relief. A vast number of savages had been convened on this occasion; and all those who had suffered the loss of friends and relatives by the *Yengeense Long Knife* were especially summoned to participate in the general revenge. The preparations having been completed, the warriors came forth into the camp, horribly disfigured with black and red paint, and commenced their diabolical ceremonies, by singing their own exploits and those of their ancestors, gradually working themselves up into the most furious passion, by their yells and war-whoops, and other hideous cries; assuming menacing attitudes, and brandishing their knives and war-clubs in a manner appalling to the beholder. After a sufficient degree of excitement had by these means been produced, the prisoner was brought forth from the narrow cabin in which he had been confined, amid the shouts, and taunts, and jeers, of the savage multitude, and bound to the tree left standing in the middle of the encampment for such purposes. His body had been stripped of its clothing, and blackened with divers rude and grotesque figures, according to the fancy of the artists, and

the skin of a raven was placed upon his head. Had the prisoner been an Indian Sachem, he would have been required to sing his own death song. This, if really a lion-hearted chief, he would have done with alacrity, boasting at the same time of his own prowess, and not forgetting to inform his tormentors how many of their warriors he had slain. He would likewise have mocked at every species and refinement of cruelty practised, as being nothing in comparison with the tortures which he had inflicted upon some of their own tribe. The combustibles, consisting chiefly of pitch pine-knots and dried brush-wood, had previously been provided. The prisoner having been securely bound, the work of torture commenced: his flesh was pierced with bodkins, and sharp plugs of resinous wood were driven into the wounds. These, when the fire should take hold of them, would render his sufferings more acute. A small troop of boys were likewise suffered to shoot showers of arrows at his body from a given distance. But neither the strength of their bows, nor the vigour of their arms, enabled the young archers to speed an arrow to a vital part. Indeed, it was only intended as an amusement for the lads, which would at once serve to try their skill and multiply the torments of the prisoner. During these inflictions, and of numerous others, which it would be tedious to enumerate, hundreds of grim visages were fixed intently upon him, ready to raise the shout of exultation, and upbraid him with being 'a woman,' in the event of his uttering a groan, or showing any indications of pain or fear. They were disappointed. Although his flesh often quivered with agony, as their diabolical work proceeded, yet not a sigh or a groan escaped his lips. He had been bred to the Indian wars from his youth, and, well knowing their customs and his own fate, he had steeled himself for the trial, and bore every cruelty with such unflinching fortitude, such unshrinking and unchanging composure, as to excite the admiration of his tormentors, upon whom he looked around without any other apparent emotion than a contemptuous and scornful curl of his haughty lip. These painful inflictions over, the wood for the sacrifice was piled round his body; and Thorndyke, having taken a last look upon the blue heavens above, and as much of this fair world as he could see beyond the dark circle of Indians of all ages and sexes by whom he was surrounded, was calmly expecting the moment when his body should be enveloped in the fatal sheet of fire. The torch was applied, the flames were beginning to crackle, and the smoke to curl around him, when, with a wild scream, a female rushed through the crowd, which was exultingly singing, and yelling, and dancing about the stake, and, seizing

the combustibles, scattered them abroad in the twinkling of an eye. Heaving and panting with the exertion, she took from her bosom the silk handkerchief mentioned in an early part of this narrative, and, holding it aloft for an instant, drew a knife from her wampum belt, and severed the bands which bound the victim, she herself falling to the earth speechless at the same instant. The Indians, who had stood appalled at the boldness of the adventure, divined the cause at the sight of the handkerchief, well knowing its history. Their vengeance was at once disarmed, and they immediately manifested their approbation of the woman's gratitude for the preservation of her child,* and the noble and resolute manner in which she had accomplished her purpose. Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, it appeared, had by some means heard that the prisoner to be executed was the generous saviour of her son at the Coos rapids, and she had run thirty miles through the woods, over brake, and bog, and fen, to save him. One moment longer, and she would have been too late. Wearied with the rapidity of her journey, and overcome with emotion, she sank exhausted to the earth the moment she had accomplished her purpose. The whole scene was now changed. Thorndyke was instantly taken into favour, and his wounds dressed—a transition in his fortunes rendered far easier by his noble bearing at the stake—and the ceremonies of the sacrifice were exchanged for those of a joyous festival. The Red Light of the Morning was a woman of high consideration among the tribe, from her extraordinary strength of character; the death-dance now gave way to the pipe-dance, which is performed in honour of strangers of distinction; and the proceedings of the day were concluded by a grand feast, for which purpose a stag and a moose-deer were roasted. The last course was the flesh of a dog, with which all the great feasts of the Indians are terminated."

THE BIRD'S TAIL SALTER.

From another, styled "THE" *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, edited by Mrs. C. Hall, and published by Westley and Davis, we can only extract the following light and playful lines, by Mr. Laman Blanchard:—

Gently, gently yet, young stranger!
Light of heart and light of heel:
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.
Silence!—ha! your scheme is failing—
No: pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

* Saved from drowning, by Thorndyke; previously described.—ED.

Hush! your step some note is giving:
Not a whisper—not a breath!
Watchful be as aught that's living,
And be mute as death!
Glide on, ghost-like, still inclining
Downwards o'er it; or, as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
'Twill escape the lure.

Caution! now you're nearer ereeping:
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing—
Yes, you'll catch it now!

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on this long feather—
Ha!—it flies! it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at our idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman—childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!
Led like you my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt!

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;
I for salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,
That elude the hand.
On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing
Plans I'd often tried before;
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—
I, and thousands more.
This, young sportsman, be your warning:
Though you've lost some hours to-day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure?
What were ye unto my eyes,
Love, and peace, and hope, and pleasure?
Birds of Paradise!
Spirits that we think to capture
By a false and childish scheme;
Until tears dissolve our rapture—
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,
Distant as a dazzling star;
And when we appear the nearest,
Farthest off we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes—on high!

BATHMENDI.

A PERSIAN FABLE.—BY CAROLINE FRY.

(From *The New Year's Gift*.)

"In the dominions of the King of Persia there once lived a merchant of Schiraz, who had ruined himself by risking all he possessed, in the hope of becoming suddenly rich. Collecting the wreck of his fortune, he retired to the province of Kousistan, where he bought a small farm. But, instead of trying to content himself with what was left him, he was perpetually thinking how much happier he should have been if he had not lost his fortune. The consequence was, that he became still poorer by neglecting his business, and he eventually shortened his life by perpetual fretting. When he found himself dying, he called his four sons to him, and said, 'My children, I have nothing to leave you but this house; and the knowledge of a secret which I have preserved to this moment. When I was a rich man, I had for my friend the genius Alzim; he promised to protect you after my death, and to bestow on you a treasure. This genius lives some miles from this place, in the palace of Ambition, in the great forest of Kom. Go to him, and ask for the treasure, but take care you do not believe'—Before the merchant could finish what he had to say, he expired. The sons, after having mourned for, and buried their father, went to the forest of Kom. It was easy to find the palace of Ambition, by the number of persons who were perpetually flocking there. Alzim received every one very kindly at first—listened to their complaints, consoled them, and sometimes lent them money when they wanted it. But all his favours were granted on one condition; and that was, to follow exactly the advice he gave them. He even compelled every one to take an oath that they would do so, before they entered his palace. This oath did not terrify the three elder sons of the merchant; the fourth, who was named Tai, thought it was very ridiculous to promise to do whatever was required of him, without knowing what it would be. He recollected that his father, who had been a frequent visitor at the palace of Ambition, had done a great many foolish things in his life, and had at last ruined himself. These reflections determined him to work for his living, and not to accept the treasure on such a condition. So his brothers went into the palace without him, and prostrated themselves before the throne of Alzim. Alzim raised and embraced them, praised his old friend, their father, and ordered his attendants to bring him a large chest full of gold. 'This,' said he, 'is the treasure I promised you; I am going to divide it between you, and then I will tell you what you must do to be perfectly happy.' Alzim divided the gold into three

hares, and then said, 'My dear children, your future welfare now depends upon your finding sooner or later a being named Bathmendi, of whom every body talks, though very few know him. These poor mortals do not know where to look for him; but I, who love you, will whisper in your ears what you must do to discover him.' At these words, Alzim took Bekir, the eldest, aside, and whispered him, 'My son, you are brave, and have great talents for war. The king is going to send a large army against the Turks; join that army, in the Persian camp you will meet with Bathmendi.' Alzim then beckoned to the second son: 'Mesron,' said he, 'you are clever and agreeable; go to Ispahan, it is at the court that you will find Bathmendi.' He called the third, who was named Sadi: 'You,' said he, 'are active and enterprising. If you turn merchant, you will infallibly become very rich, and when you have gained five millions of piastres, you will meet with Bathmendi.' The three brothers thanked the benevolent genius, and returned to their younger brother Tai, who had remained outside; talking of nothing but Bathmendi. As the genius had given the three eldest the gold meant for the portion of Tai, they agreed to give him, instead, their father's farm for himself. The brothers then embraced each other, and each set out his own way to seek Bathmendi. Tai worked hard to cultivate his land, and when he had brought it into good order, he married Amine, the daughter of an honest labourer, his neighbour. His father-in-law came to live with them, and taught Tai the best method of managing his land. In a little while, as Tai was very industrious, and his wife very careful, he had saved money enough to buy more land, and a flock of sheep, of which Amine took charge. The produce of the land soon repaid him twofold; the fleece of the sheep was sold, and in good time Tai thought himself a rich man. He had always enough for his own family, and something to give to the poor; his children were industrious and obedient, he was master of several flocks, and was one of the happiest and most contented farmers in Kousistan. In the meantime, his brothers were running after Bathmendi. Bekir went to the Persian camp, and presenting himself to the Grand Vizier, demanded leave to serve in the most dangerous post in the army. The Vizier was pleased with his courage, and admitted him into a troop of cavalry. In a few days there was a great battle. Bekir performed prodigies of valour, saved his general's life, and took the general of the enemy prisoner. Nothing was heard but the praises of Bekir; he was called the Persian hero, and the Grand Vizier made him a general officer. 'Alzim was right,' thought Bekir, 'every thing prospers with

me, and doubtless I shall soon find Bathmendi.' The glory of Bekir, and still more his good fortune, excited the envy of the rest of the officers. Some came to him, and complained that they had been ruined by his father; others pretended that his mother had been their slave, to mortify his pride; and all refused to serve under him, because they were older soldiers than he. Unhappy, in the midst of his success, Bekir lived alone, without making a single friend, and constantly expecting some fresh insult. He looked back with regret to the time when he was only a private soldier, and waited with impatience for the end of the war. Suddenly, the Turks came up with fresh troops, and attacked the division which Bekir commanded. Bekir fought like a lion, but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. The soldiers were willing to follow him; but the officers, each of whom thought he ought to be general instead of Bekir, would not suffer them. The brave Bekir, wounded and almost alone, was overpowered, and made prisoner by the Turkish soldiers.

'The Turkish General was so cruel as to order him to be loaded with irons, and sent to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a frightful dungeon. 'Alas!' said he, in his prison, 'I begin to fear the genius has deceived me; for here I can never hope to find Bathmendi.' The war lasted fifteen years, and Bekir's enemies always prevented his being exchanged. When his prison was opened at the peace, Bekir flew directly to Ispahan, to the Vizier, whose life he had saved. Fifteen years' imprisonment had so altered Bekir that the Vizier did not know him. At last, however, he remembered that Bekir had formerly done him a service. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I remember now, you are a brave man, I will see what can be done for you; come to me another time, I am engaged now.' The Vizier turned his back, and when Bekir returned the next day, the guards drove him from the gates. In despair, Bekir left the palace and the city, resolving never again to enter it. He threw himself down at the foot of a tree, on the borders of the river Zendron; there, reflecting on the ingratitude of the Vizier, the misfortunes he had met with, and those that still threatened him; he could no longer contain himself for sorrow, and determined to jump into the river. Suddenly he was seized and embraced by a beggar, who cried out, sobbing, 'It is he, it is my brother Bekir!' Bekir looked, and recognised Mesron. They embraced each other repeatedly, and then each contemplated the other's miserable state with surprise and affliction.

"Are you also unfortunate?" said Bekir.

"This is the first happy moment I

have had since we parted,' said Mesron. 'You remember that fatal day when we went to the palace of Ambition: the perfidious genius told me, that at the court I should meet with that Bathmendi whom every body is seeking. I followed his advice, and went to Ispahan: there I made acquaintance with an officer of the Vizier's household, to whom I became so agreeable, that he presented me to his master, who gave me an employment in the palace. As I was to meet Bathmendi there, I did all I could to please the most powerful people about the court, and, in particular, I strove to make myself agreeable to the sultana, mother of the king. From that moment every thing seemed to prosper with me; I was a favourite both with the sultana and her son, who showered upon me riches and honours. At the end of three years I was the king's first minister, and almost as powerful as himself. In the midst of my prosperity, I was astonished that I could not find Bathmendi, whom I sought for every where. This, and the frightful restraint in which I lived, poisoned all my pleasure. I was surrounded by people who flattered me to my face, and when my back was turned, invented the blackest falsehoods to disgrace me with the king, and to get my place. If I granted one a favour, all the rest thought themselves injured, and became my enemies. All the courtiers hated me because I was more fortunate than they; the people detested me because I flattered the king instead of giving him good advice; and no one could give me the least news of Bathmendi. At last, one of the king's slaves having stolen a large sum out of his treasury, some of my enemies persuaded him that I was the real culprit; the king believed them, and sent the mutes to strangle me. One of my servants secretly informed me of my danger: I had just time to disguise myself as you see, and escape from my palace with a few diamonds in my garments, which I intend to sell, and then hide myself with you in some obscure corner of the kingdom.'

"After this recital, Bekir related his adventures to Mesron. Both agreed that it would have been much better for them if they had never met the genius Alzim, and resolved to return directly to Kousistan to seek their brother Tai. Having taken this resolution, they set out, and journeyed several days without meeting any adventure. As they were travelling through the province of Parsistan, they came to a little village where they intended to pass the night; but as their appearance was very miserable, no one was willing to give them shelter, and they were sent from house to house till they reached the end of the village, where they entered one more wretched than all the rest, and asked the hospitality

of a thin, unhappy-looking man, who seemed the owner.

"You are welcome to the shelter of my roof, such as it is," said the man; "but who is it I see, Bekir,—Mesron?"

"Ah!" cried they, running to embrace him, "it is our brother Sadi."

"Yes," said he, "I am the unfortunate Sadi; come in, and let me hear what has befallen you." He led them into his cabin, set before them a little rice for their supper, and while they ate, he related his story;—"The genius Alzim," said he, "whom I suspect takes a pleasure in misleading those who are foolish enough to believe him, told me that I should find that Bathmendi, who plays at hide-and-seek with every body, in acquiring a great fortune. Accordingly I laid out my share of the treasure in purchasing goods, which I shipped for Egypt. My venture was fortunate, and I was soon able to trade more extensively; every thing succeeded with me at first, and I might have been very happy, if that wicked genius had not put it into my head that I should in time gain five millions of piastres. This unlucky idea rendered me for ever discontented: when I was the owner of one ship, I was unhappy because my neighbour had two; and when I could produce two, I repined that I did not possess four. In the midst of riches I was poor, because I always coveted more than I possessed; and every fresh gain seemed to increase my chagrin, by showing me how far I was from the stipulated sum. I had the finest house, the richest furniture, and the greatest number of slaves of any individual in the city; and yet I envied the meanest servant in my employ, because he did not desire more than he was likely to obtain. Tired of my life, I at last resolved to make a desperate effort to complete the destined sum, and embarked nearly my whole fortune in the purchase of rich goods, to furnish a new palace for the Grand Signor, for which I expected to be paid extravagantly. The ships in which the goods were embarked were wrecked in the Persian Gulph; and I lost in a few hours all the wealth that I had amassed. As soon as my misfortune became known, my creditors seized upon my house, my furniture, and slaves: they were sold, and as no one had pity on me, because I had been too greedy of wealth to pity others, I should have been cast into prison, if I had not saved myself by flight, and come to this place, where I can scarcely procure black bread to eat, and where I shall certainly never find Bathmendi."

On their road to their brother Tai's abode they are attacked, robbed, and stripped by a band of robbers. At length "they reached it, and the sight made their tears flow. They stopped at the door, afraid of knocking, for fear they should

hear of some new misfortune. While they hesitated, Bekir got upon a large stone, and looked in at the window, where he saw, in a room plainly furnished, his brother Tai at table, in the midst of five children, all laughing and prattling. On his right hand sat Amine, feeding her youngest child, and on his left was a little old man, with a gentle open countenance, who was filling Tai's cup. At this sight Bekir descended, and knocked with all his might. A servant opened, and, seeing three strangers in such a wretched condition, ran to tell his master. Tai came, and immediately his brothers hastened to embrace him. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes; but as soon as he distinguished Bekir, Mesron, and Sadi, he gave them a hearty welcome. His wife and children also came out; the little old man was the only person who did not leave the table. Tai brought clothes for his brothers, presented them to his wife, and made them kiss his children.

"Alas!" said Bekir, "your happy fate consoles us, in some measure, for all we have suffered. Since our separation we have met with nothing but misfortunes; and, what is worst of all, not one of us has ever met with that Bathmendi, of whom we have been so long in pursuit."

"I believe you," said the little old man, who was still at table; "for I have never stirred from this place." "How!" cried Mesron; "are you—"

"I am Bathmendi," said the old man. "It is no wonder you did not know me, since you never saw me before in your life; but ask Tai, ask Amine, ask these good little children—there is not one of them who does not know me perfectly.—It is now fifteen years since I took up my abode here; I feel quite at home, and have never left the house but once, when Amine's father died; but I soon came back again, and here I think I shall remain. It is in your power, gentlemen, to become my friends. If you please, I shall be very happy to be acquainted with you; if you do not, I can do without you. I never use constraint, but keep in my own corner; never dispute, and hate noise."

* * * *

"Lest our young readers should fail in discovering the meaning of this fable, it is necessary to say that Bathmendi, in the Persian language, signifies Happiness."

ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS.

From "*The Landscape Annual*."

"Among other anecdotes connected with the lives of the early painters is that of Antonio Sogliani, the son of a poor mechanic called Il Zingaro, the Gypsy, from his wandering habits. Engaged in some servile task in the house of a celebrated painter, Antonio saw and loved his only

daughter. Being informed that no one should obtain her hand but a man ranking high in the art, the young lover, with rare devotion, became a painter; and in ten years, returning crowned with fame to the beloved spot whence he had been driven by an indignant father, he claimed and enjoyed the object of all his painful toils and pilgrimage.

"It is to be regretted that the same art which, in one instance, crowned the efforts of love, should in another have kindled in the human bosom only the suggestions of treachery and revenge. Andrea del Castagno, an artist of considerable repute, owed much of the success he had met with to the kindness and instructions of his friend Domenico Beccafumi, one of the most beautiful colourists of his time. From what Domenico communicated to him, Andrea suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to colour, which gave Domenico so proud a pre-eminence in his branch. Ingratiating himself still farther into his confidence, he at length received the utmost proof of friendship which a friend could bestow—a knowledge of the means by which he himself rose to distinction, supposed to have been the secret of painting in oil. Andrea resolved to appropriate it to his own fame, and conceived the horrid idea of murdering the friend to whom he was indebted for it. With terrific rapidity the deed followed the diabolic impulse which inspired it. He knew Domenico had just rambled out with his lute into the fields; it was evening; and, seizing the instrument of death, he hastened to place himself at a remote spot by which Domenico was accustomed to pass on his return at night-fall.

"There the demon in human shape waited patiently for his victim, wrestling with the relenting pang which ever yields to the desperate purpose of the man of blood. He caught the glimpse of a shadow;—he heard a footstep approach;—he knew it; and as Domenico passed, he struck him with a heavy leaden weight one blow upon the chest.—It crushed at once the lute and the breast of his friend, who, uttering a cry, fell to the earth; while Andrea, rushing from the place, regained his apartment, and resumed his work. Scarcely had he seated himself, before two countrymen hastily entered, bearing tidings that a dying man, whom they had found, had directed them to him, beseeching he would hasten to a wounded friend.

"Andrea, affecting the utmost surprise, ran back with them to the place; and the unfortunate Domenico, it is related, actually breathed his last sigh in the murderer's arms. The fact was only revealed when Andrea was on his death-bed; and then with no expression of remorse. What is more singular, he was interred in the exact spot where slept the remains of his victim;

and during his life least of all succeeded in that peculiar excellence to attain which he consigned his conscience, while living, to the Furies, and his memory to perpetual infamy after death."

SONG,

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SIT down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying :
Come,—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing :
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more ;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure ;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure !

We dream ; do thou the same :
We love—for ever ;
We laugh ; yet few we shame,
The gentle never :
Stay, then, till sorrow dies
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!

Friendship's Offering.

SONNET.—POLAND.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

"And Freedom shriek'd when KOSCIUSKO
fell!"
So CAMPBELL's muse lamented Poland's
fate,
Reft of her glorious, independent state
By tyrants, proud to sound her mournful
knell,
And force e'en Hope to take her last farewell.
Yet, though in sad submission doom'd to
wait,
Poland resum'd her zeal of ancient date,
And CAMPBELL struck again his patriot
shell.
Ah! minstrel! bootless is thy gen'rous strain!
A ruthless despot pours his vengeful rage,
And Poland falls beneath his iron chain,
(Since no kind succours in her cause en-
gage);
A fall that EUROPE hence will deem her
stain,
And Hist'ry brand on her indignant page.

A SCENE OF ENCHANTED LAND.

Enchanted halls have been so sweetly sung
By many a wordy wight in olden time,
Oh! how shall I, with cold and modern
tongue,

Taste the pure honey of the ancient rhyme
And sing the palace of all faëry clime!

Will they who saw it not, believe the
strange

Fantastic images which seemed to climb
In wild confusion, that yet had a range,
An order beyond art; whose beauty art
would change?

Columns of emerald, bearing living flowers,
Formed into chaprels to support an arc,
Coloured like sun-beams in the eastern
showers,

Here pendent arbours light—there caverns
dark,

Ferruginous and deep; where, rugged, stark,
And surly, growl'd the entrails of the
world—

Another way the astonished eye could mark
A myriad host of banner'd lightnings
furl'd,

Eager to be shook forth, and in their fury
hurl'd.

[From *Wade's beautiful and romantic poem*,
"The Dwelling of Fancy," lately pub-
lished.

Foreign.

PARIS GOSSIP.

THEATRES.—A few words about some
of the recent novelties at the Paris theatres
will perhaps not be unacceptable:—

In the new comic vaudeville of "Les
Deux Sœurs de Charité," (*the Two Sisters
of Charity*), we have a young man who for-
sakes his lover, Louise, to join the revolu-
tion; being there wounded, he is nursed
and taken care of by Therese, a holy sister,
with whom he falls in love, and then deserts
her. On the appearance of Susan, a stage
danseuse, to reproach him for his infidelity,
he declares, in turn, a desperate attach-
ment for *her*, and after a series of mag-
nanimous resignations and self-depriva-
tions on the part of the ladies, the piece
ends with the union of the fickle young
gentleman with his original lover, Louise,
who, as the *Figaro* says, "*ne se sent pas de
joi*," (is senseless with joy!)

A little extravaganza, entitled *Carlin*,
introduces us to a stage-clown on a pilgri-
mage to Rome, where he meets, in the holy
Pontiff, an old school-fellow, who insists
upon his going through his evolutions,
notwithstanding his oath to the contrary;
and even consents to play the part of Pan-
taloön himself. This piece is full of ab-
surdities, which are highly relished by our
polished neighbours.

Another little vaudeville, (*Les Artisans*),
makes a higher attempt at a moral. It
inculcates the necessity of economy in mar-
ried life, and shows how an honest well-
intentioned husband, by giving way too
unguardedly to his feelings of liberality,
and spending the whole of his wife's mar-
riage portion on the wedding festivities,
may be thrown into all kinds of disagree-
able situations.

A new historical drama, entitled *Cathé-
rine II. Impératrice de Russie* has been
produced at the Odeon with great success.

MADemoiselle TAGLIONI has returned
to the stage; her appearance is thus de-
scribed by the *Figaro*:—"The re-appear-
ance of the *diva* Taglioni was quite a fête

for the frequenters of the opera; she had
been expected with impatience, and for a
month past, every evening, they asked one
another—"When will the nymph return?"
The day is at length arrived;—it must be
consecrated, here, to history, that it was
on Friday, September 30, 1831, at nine
o'clock, wanting a few minutes, that the
Bayadere re-appeared. The *salle* present-
ed an admirable *coup-d'œil*: not a place
unoccupied, not a bench in the pit where
the spectators were not squeezed twice as
much as usual. All the ladies were *en
toilette*; the fronts of all the boxes were
adorned with bouquets; one might have
fancied oneself in the finest days of spring.
At length Taglioni enters, when "Bravos,
clapping, and stamping of feet; a noise,
an uproar, a joy, a delirium," were the or-
der of the day!

At the *Italian Opera*, Pasta, Rubini, and
Lablache, are singing with great applause;
—the latter met with a tumble the other
day, when skipping on, in *Figaro*;—but,
fortunately, he was "more frightened than
hurt."

At the *Cirque Olympique*, the grand his-
torical drama of *L'Empereur* has been re-
vived and enthusiastically received. They
complain, however, of its being too long.
Well they may.

Music.

MEMORANDA OF MUSICIANS.

THE following sketches are from the por-
tfolio of an amateur, who has kindly favor-
ed us with a budget of papers, from which
we intend extracting, as often as the li-
mited extent of our columns will allow. It
will be observed, that we select at random,
and without regard either to chronology
or schools.

I. ROSSINI.

To say, precisely, what Rossini is, is
difficult; to say what he is *not*, much
more so. In the infancy of an art which
depends in a great measure upon caprice
and fashion, it is easy to make innovations
at the same time novel and pleasing: no-
vel, in as much as novelty at that stage is
not merely modification or change, it is
rather advancement and discovery; and
pleasing, because advancement and dis-
covery are connected with our curiosities,
and satisfy us in proportion as they seem
to be the legitimate results of experience
and more mature consideration. But to
subvert a generally-received standard of ex-
cellence or perfection, to come after a Han-
del, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Winter, a Ci-
marosa, and yet be successful; to steer
clear of them as prototypes, and discover
a new means of interesting the mind, and
captivating the heart, does not belong to
little powers, and perhaps ought to be
placed above the *gradual* improvers of a

received system, seeing, as in Rossini, that the old structure is not merely bettered, but that a new field for subsequent improvement is opened to his followers. At the same time, it is curious to remark, that his very powers have sometimes proved to be his weaknesses. He is a mannerist—too fond of his newly discovered originality. He is too much wedded to a few phrases, new in themselves when used, to express feelings with which they were at first happily connected for illustration, but which lose their identity, and even their beauty, when coupled with parodied situations and remotely-resembling sentiments. Rossini has discovered two or three extremely new and dramatic effects, but not content with making use of them only in their kindred necessities, he parades them upon all occasions, for the injudicious sake of vulgar and constant effect, prostituting his fancy to every day applause, and lessening the majesty of harmony and the purity of strain, by an incessant and impertinent anxiety to be always striking.

But to his virtues, for they are many and rare.

In the first place, Rossini has been the main instrument of emancipating melody from the chains and fetters of crude harmony, in which it had writhed so long; to him is due, the praise of allowing graceful song to move in the natural elegance of its form, unadorned by the meretricious and cumbersome ornaments of art, and unswathed by the coercive and deforming bonds of received fashion or prejudice. There is, moreover, a spirit in the management of his choruses, which is peculiarly his own. The style of his *crescendo* is remarkably effective; and in its usual and artfully-introduced repeat, is always productive of a second series of more highly pleased considerations. But, above all, his concerted pieces for three, four, five, and six voices, claim our highest admiration: these he generally arranges in *canone*, and frequently upon a subject in itself little or nothing, he raises by degrees, as the different voices join, a superstructure of the most finished order and beauty. Every variety of style pervades his compositions; but it may be said, generally, that his seriousness is melancholy, his joy recklessness. He has been accused of instrumentalising vocal music too much, but this objection has been made only by the adherents to the old school of long-note singing, who think that mere duration of sound expresses solemnity, and that a quick passage must inevitably address itself to the heels.

2. BEETHOVEN.

The music of Beethoven is of all others the most eccentric and uneven. At one time solemn and expressive of religious gloom and severity; at another, wild and

capriciously fanciful: at this moment filled with puerile levity and conceit, in the next, with all the clearness of well-arranged design, and the utmost tenderness of melody and expression. It may not be inapt to characterise (and, it is probable was the manner in which he conceived,) his compositions by the varieties of a wild, lonely, and even savage scenery. The rugged and sterile inequalities of crag and precipice; the sunny heights contrasting with the gloomy ravines; the various tints of forest foliage or meadow flowers, may all be held typical of the varieties of his music, particularly his pastoral symphony, while his delicate and wild melody may be illustrated by a streamlet that flows through the scene, here and there obscured for a while by more magnificent objects, but, when revealed, sparkling in all the purity and clearness

"Of music dropping from a wreathed shell."
W.

REVIEW.—1. "*Oh! sing once more,*" a *Ballad*. Music by H. P. Hill. The words by Borranckill Congreve, Esq.

OF the melody of this ballad we cannot speak in high terms of commendation; it is disjointed and ungraceful. In the harmony there is a wholesome yearning after the legitimate style of accompaniment, and, with the exception of one instance, in which a very raw fourth occurs between it and the voice, is unexceptionable. We recommend Mr. Congreve, the author of the words, to avoid such curtailment as "*chants*" for *enchants*, and such rhymes as "*charm*" and "*calm*." In other respects the ballad is worthy of notice.

2. "*My Lovely Brunette, to your Spanish Guitar.*" Written and composed by Mrs. Marshall.

A RATHER pretty trifle, well adapted to a young lady's voice, and not over studded with scientific difficulties.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Saturday.—Love in a Village; Dominique.

Monday.—Jane Shore; Hyder Ali, or the Lions of Mysore.

Tuesday.—Love in a Village; Hyder Ali.

Wednesday.—The Rivals; Hyder Ali.

Thursday.—Love in a Village; Hyder Ali.

EVER since horses were deemed necessary to carry on our legitimate drama, the stage has been in a "galloping decline," helter-skelter down hill all the way; it has now come to the bottom, and can therefore go no lower, which is one comfort, when we come to think of it. The managers complain that the public taste is depraved; but we maintain that it is no such thing, though they themselves have done all in their power to bring that about. The taste of their present audience may be

different from that of fifty years ago, but the intellectual public at large look upon the fooleries and quackeries of the stage with the same disgust they would have done at any more critical period of former days. They have often warned the managers of their folly; but having found their advice of no avail, they have latterly stood aloof altogether from theatrical affairs; while another class of silly, saucy, sight-swallowing boobies have taken their places as "patrons of the drama." As we said before, it is the audience, and not the national taste, that is depraved.

Look, for instance, at the boisterous character of the concourse assembled on Monday evening, to greet the first appearance of M. Martin's menagerie in the "legitimate drama;"—bear in mind the impatience with which the tragedy of *Jane Shore* was suffered to be galloped through, and remember the roar, the actual howl, as of wild beasts, with which Miss Phillips was greeted on her final fall. Never can our ears forget the continued tumult of this description, which lasted from the conclusion of the tragedy to the opening of the spectacle, a period of upwards of twenty minutes, during which time the whole theatre more resembled a bear garden than any thing else. Think of this scene, and then turn to the quiet and respectable audiences of Covent Garden, the Olympic, and even the Cobourg theatres, and rest satisfied that a totally different order of beings are in the former and the latter cases.

Things are coming round by degrees;—the large houses, where the real drama cannot be seen or heard, are daily becoming more and more extravagant in their noisy exhibitions, while the smaller theatres, which are better adapted to all that does not "o'erstep the modesty of nature," are as systematically improving in their performances. The Olympic, the Cobourg, &c. &c. are already nice little Theatre-Royal-Drury-Lane's; while, before long, the *ci-devant* patent Drury Lane will be thrown into a riding circle and gymnastic show-house, with cordes volantes, Indian jugglers, dwarfs, and tumblers;—"their majesties' servants" being turned into grooms and jockies.

We have space for but few words on the new and "most gorgeous spectacle ever produced at this theatre," as the bills have it; and after what we have already said, our opinions upon the subject can be pretty well anticipated. We are ready to own that it was very splendid, and that the beasts were certainly "all alive;" but we have seen many a spectacle at Astley's that has given us greater entertainment. In the first place, the lions who suffer M. Martin to domicile in their cage, (for caged they are all the time,) without devouring him, show no more docility and gentility than many a lion we have seen at

a fair menagerie; and the combat with the lion in his den, though droll enough, was nothing very much to be amazed at. As for the tiger, or tiger cat, it only appeared once to scamper across the scene, in which feat it acquitted itself very creditably; and the crane, who strutted on, and strutted off the stage, had nothing passing strange, but his long bill, to show. The boa-constrictors, from whom such horrible atrocities had been expected, were surprisingly docile; but as to coiling round the little boy and girl, we saw in them no disposition to do so until they were fairly and unequivocally "put in the way of it."* In fact, with respect to the whole of this menagerie, we think it much less worth seeing than that in the Regent's Park.

As to the drama which introduces these animals, it is most conveniently obscure; though it took upwards of three hours to work out, we really know no more about it now than before we went. The audience thought it stupid too, for nothing could rouse them from their lethargy during the intervals between the several appearances of the wonderful quadrupeds. Some old legitimatists in the pit took the trouble to hiss and talk against this affair, but their labour was lost, and they had better have kept their peace, and their money in their pockets.

An occasional prologue, written by Mr. Beazeley, was spoken by Mrs. Orger, and introduced some rather bold allusions to the base uses to which the legitimate stage was about to be turned; which, by the bye, were sometimes hissed; the opening lines for instance:—

"Well, I declare!—is this a classic stage? Why, the whole scene's one universal cage; Where brutes and birds, from forest, wood, and plain, Seem mov'd with one accord to Drury Lane!"

Mrs. Wood appeared here on Saturday as *Rosetta*, when the house was very fully attended, and our celebrated cantatrice met with a most flattering reception. We think she looks better, and sings better, than when we saw her last; but she should avoid too much meretricious ornament when singing our old English music, and should not again introduce "Oh, no, we never mention her," unless there be occasion for it. Mr. Wood has grown rather husky; he, as well as Mrs. Wood, looks fatter than before; he should not strut about the stage quite so complacently.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Inconstant; the Barber of Seville.
Monday.—Venice Preserved; Neuha's Cave.
Wednesday.—The Man of the World; a Genius Wanted, or the Left Wing; the Irish Tutor.

HERE they have made a sensible beginning, and we promise them in the end success.

* We understand they were more active on the second night.—ED.

Miss Kemble re-appeared for the season on Monday as *Belvidera*, when the house was pretty well filled; and Mr. Young's *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, on Wednesday, drew together a good concourse of sensible people, who enjoyed his performance in true hearty style; every sentence being watched for and greeted with a knowing chuckle, in which politics perhaps had no little to do. Miss Poole, a clever and engaging little girl, displayed considerable versatility and quickness of talent, in the new afterpiece of *A Genius Wanted*; wherein she sustained the three different characters of a little French singing girl, a noisy bragging jack tar, and an impudent jockey boy. In the two former parts she danced with surprising alacrity and precision; in all three she sang very prettily; and in the last she astonished the house with her horsemanship, jumping over two barred gates in brave style.

We are glad to observe that Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* is to be revived here on Monday with a strong cast; C. Kemble as *Henry*, Young as the *Cardinal*, Miss Ellen Tree as *Anne Boleyn*, and Miss Kemble as *Queen Catherine*. By the bye, may we, without being called ill-natured, inquire how it is that, in announcing the following evening's entertainment, no name is mentioned but that of our fair heroine?—"The part of so-and-so by Miss Fanny Kemble." Is there no other part but Miss Fanny Kemble's that might be worth mentioning?

COBOURG THEATRE.

MR. DAVIDGE deserves commendation for the unremitting activity he constantly displays in providing the public with entertainment. This week he receives our particular thanks for introducing that sterling actor, Downton, and for the revival, in a very creditable style, of one or two good plays; *Henry the Fourth*, *The Rivals*, *The Hypocrite*, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

AN amusing extravaganza, entitled *Learned Lions*, being a translation of the French piece *L'Ourse et le Pacha*, has been produced here with success. Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, also, has been very creditably got up.

Miscellanea.

NEIMCEWICZ, the celebrated Polish poet, is now in London, and has been admitted an honorary member of the Literary Union Club. It is a fact, by no means creditable to England, that the Travellers' Club declined enrolling this illustrious name amongst its members. Had Russian intrigue any influence in this matter?

During the week, two middies, of very tender age, went into the Imperial Hotel, and summoned the waiter into their pre-

sence, when the following order was given:—"Waiter, let's have a bottle of wine, half a dozen of cigars, and a newspaper; and send a boy up to read it!"—*Cork Constitution*.

The Cardinal Richelieu wished to destroy the independence of the grand vassals of the crown, and, for this end, drew together all the nobles into Paris, and so changed the lords of provinces into courtiers."—*De Staël's French Revolution*.

A Shady Constitution.—"Under the shadow of this (Solon's) admirable constitution, the public mind of Athens flourished in genial beauty and luxuriance; it developed a vigour which the most gigantic efforts of foreign foes could never arrest, and put forth blossoms, whose fragrance will never cease to breathe the choicest perfumes over the springing intellect of successive generations!"—*Quarterly*, No. 90.

American College for the Education of Coloured Youth.—A Boston paper says, "The proposition to establish a college at New Haven for the education of coloured youth seems likely to meet with some opposition. A public meeting was called by the mayor on the subject." The southern states are afraid that if such a college be established, they would soon be overrun with graduates preaching emancipation. Many of the Americans prefer colonization in Africa with the blacks and coloured inhabitants of the United States, by which, in time, the whole race might be removed from America, and disseminate a knowledge of the arts of life throughout Africa.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

WE are obliged to our correspondent from The Literary Union, but the passage, we think, has already been published in this country;—perhaps he will favour us again.

J. T. writes on a subject now rather out of date, and never very important.

Will Percy Lincoln oblige us by the loan of the book to which he refers;—if he will send it to our publisher's, or tell us where we may send for it, he may depend upon its prompt return, with thanks.

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